VISIT…

MARVEL
RAZORLINE
5
jan
$1.75 U.S
SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF
CLIVE BARKER
Ectokid
GUEST STARRING
SAINT SINNER
SIR SIGMOID'S
ARCADIA
PART 1 of 2
WELCOME TO THE
CARNIVAL OF SOULS
OBI
DIRECT EDITION
SKROCE + DVORAK '93

SIR SIGMOND'S ARCADIA

CLIVE BARKER PRESENTS...
Ectokid
FTTTzzzzz
THERE IS A WORLD THROUGH WHICH WE ALL MUST ONE DAY PASS.
IT WAITS FOR US BEHIND A WALL THAT IS AS THIN AS A SHADOW AND AS DEEP AS A DREAM.
IT IS A WORLD OF THE DEAD AND IT IS CALLED--
--THE ECTOSPHERE!
ZZH-AK
KA-BOOM!
COOL.
COOL.
LET'S GO CHECK IT OUT!
BOBBY, YOU PROMISED! WE'RE GOING TO THE CARNIVAL! YOU PROMISED!
TAKE A CHILL PILL-- WE AIN'T IN NO HURRY. WE'RE DEAD, REMEMBER?
WHOA. IT'S A DUDE.
IS HE, LIKE, MORE DEAD THAN US?
THE ECTOSPHERE'S NEWEST INHABITANT IS THE SAINT SINNER
...BUT THIS IS NOT HIS STORY.

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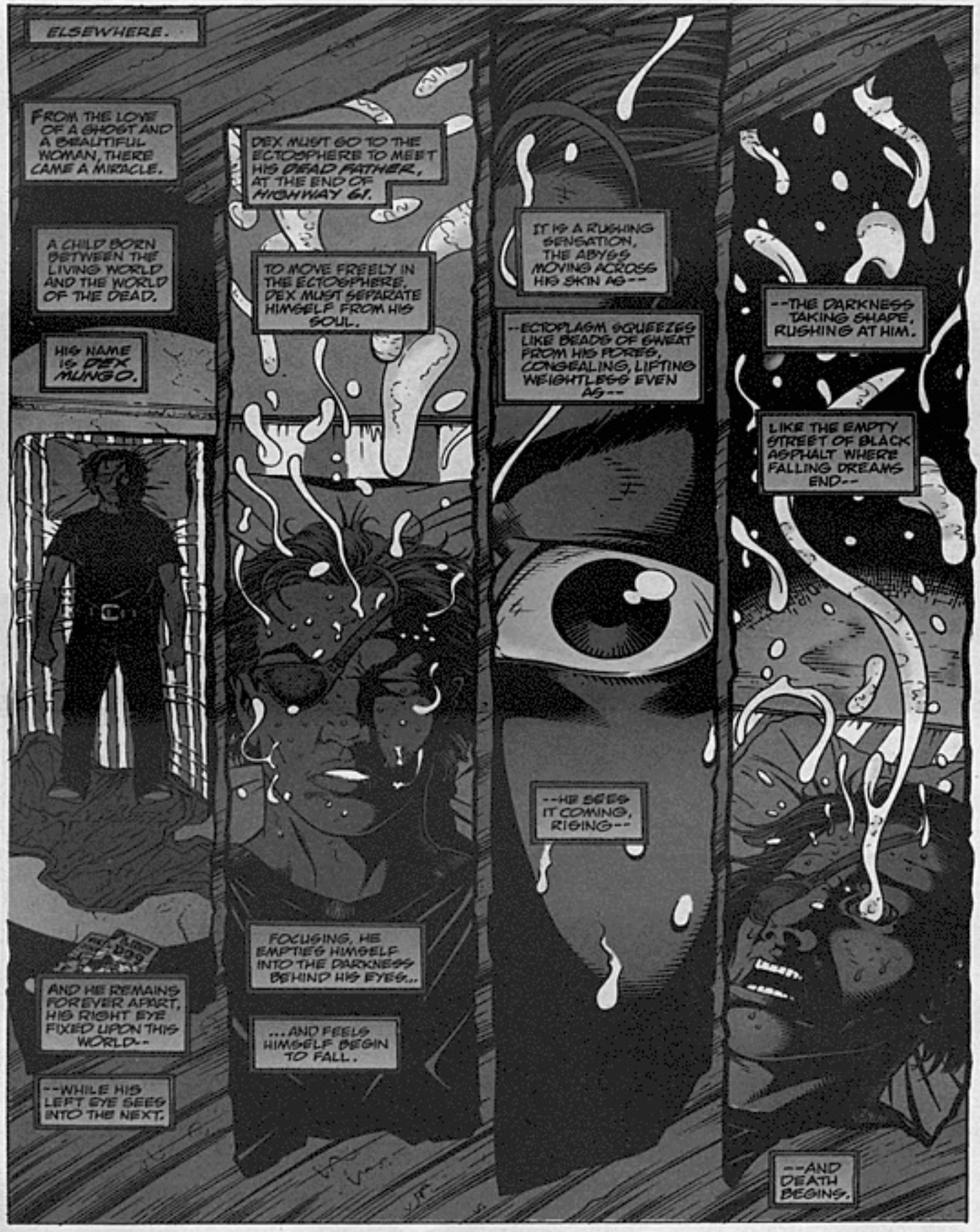

ELSEWHERE.
FROM THE LOVE OF A GHOST AND A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, THERE CAME A MIRACLE.
A CHILD BORN BETWEEN THE LIVING WORLD AND THE WORLD OF THE DEAD.
HIS NAME IS DEX MUNGO.
AND HE REMAINS FOREVER APART, HIS RIGHT EYE FIXED UPON THIS WORLD--
--WHILE HIS LEFT EYE SEES INTO THE NEXT.
DEX MUST GO TO THE ECTOSPHERE TO MEET HIS DEAD FATHER, AT THE END OF HIGHWAY 61.
TO MOVE FREELY IN THE ECTOSPHERE, DEX MUST SEPARATE HIMSELF FROM HIS SOUL.
FOCUSING, HE EMPTIES HIMSELF INTO THE DARKNESS BEHIND HIS EYES...
...AND FEELS HIMSELF BEGIN TO FALL.
IT IS A RUSHING SENSATION, THE ABYSS MOVING ACROSS HIS SKIN AS--
--ECTOPLASM SQUEEZES LIKE BEADS OF SWEAT FROM HIS PORES, CONGEALING, LIFTING WEIGHTLESS EVEN AS--
--HE SEES IT COMING, RISING--
--THE DARKNESS TAKING SHAPE, RUSHING AT HIM.
LIKE THE EMPTY STREET OF BLACK ASPHALT WHERE FALLING DREAMS END--
--AND DEATH BEGINS.

HE SHEDS THE MEAT OF HIS STIFFENING BODY, WORKING HIMSELF FREE.
FOR A MOMENT, HE FEELS A PANG OF FEAR AT THE COMPLETE RELEASE--
HE CONSIDERS CALLING HIS ECTOPLASM BACK ...HE HAS THE POWER...
BUT NO... NOT YET...
DISTANTLY, HE HEARS THE COMA-BEAT OF HIS HEART, HOLLOW, LIKE A SHOVEL FULL OF EARTH DROPPED ONTO A CASKET.
HIS CONSCIOUSNESS BEGINS TO GATHER, BLEBS AND BALLS OF MERGING MERCURY--
--GATHERING LIKE A POOL OF BLACK-METAL WATER--
THAT HE SWIMS TOWARDS, RISING, REACHING FOR ITS GLEAMING SURFACE--

GAAHH!
HIS NAME IS DEX MUNGO.
AND FOR HIM, THE DOORWAYS OF THE LIVING--
ARE NO DIFFERENT THAN--
HIGHWAY 61
HIGHWAY 6
THE GATEWAYS OF THE DEAD.

THE ECTOSPHERE LOOKS DIFFERENT.
DEX WONDERS IF IT CHANGES COLOR. ARE THERE DIFFERENT SEASONS?
OR IS HE CHANGING? ARE HIS PERCEPTIONS CHANGING?
LIKE DEATH, THE ECTOSPHERE, IT SEEMS, IS NEVER QUITE WHAT YOU EXPECT.
IT'S THE THRILL OF AN ETERNITY!
ONE OF THE ECTOSPHERE'S GREATEST ATTRACTIONS!
SIR SIGMOID'S TRAVELING ARCADIA
(DEATH DOESN'T HAVE TO BE DEAD!)
PST! HEY, PAL-- YOU WITH THE SOUR PUSS!
KID, THIS IS THE ECTOSPHERE. IT'S ALL POSSIBLE. YOU'RE NEW, AIN'T YA, KID?
WHAT THE--?! HOW?
SORTA.
TELL BY LOOKING AT YA. YOU'RE FEELING BLUE--DEATH'S A DRAG, RIGHT? NO SIR, I SAY, DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!
TEQUILA'S THE NAME AND I'M GONNA TAKE CARE OF YOU. COME HERE. LET ME TELL YOU A LITTLE SECRET--
I DON'T HAVE TIME. I HAVE TO FIND MY FATHER.
TRUST ME-- YOU HAVE TO GO TO THE ARCADIA.
WHY?
'CAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE A CHOICE!
CHOICE
CHOICE
CHOICE

FUN
WOW!
SOMETHING ELSE, AIN'T IT, KID?
BELIEVE YOU ME, YOU'LL NEVER WANT TO LEAVE.

TRAVELING ARCADE
WELCOME, WELCOME, OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BOY.
BEAUTIFUL... SLUUURP!
THIS IS PRETTY COOL. ALL RIGHT-- COTTON CANDY!
COTTON CANDY
YUMMY COTTON CANDY
HEY, IS IT FREE?
YIPE!
WHAT'S WRONG? WAIT-- COME BACK?!
YIPE! YIPE! YIPE!
HEY, MY MAN, FORGET THAT FREAK! I GOT A GAME FOR YOU!

I'M GONNA MAKE IT... I REALLY GOTTA CHANGE--
THE MAN NEVER LOSES!
PHIL'S UNSTOPPABLE!
UNBEATABLE!
THE TERMINATOR!
NO MERCY!
IT'S ALMOST OVER!
AND PHIL'S GOING TO DISNEYLAND!
BA-DOOM
HIS NAME IS PHILIP PETTER.
IN ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE, HE IS CALLED THE SAINT SINNER, A BEING POSSESSED OF DEMONIC POWER AND CELESTIAL GRACE.
IN THE ECTOSPHERE, HE'S JUST ANOTHER DEAD TEENAGER.

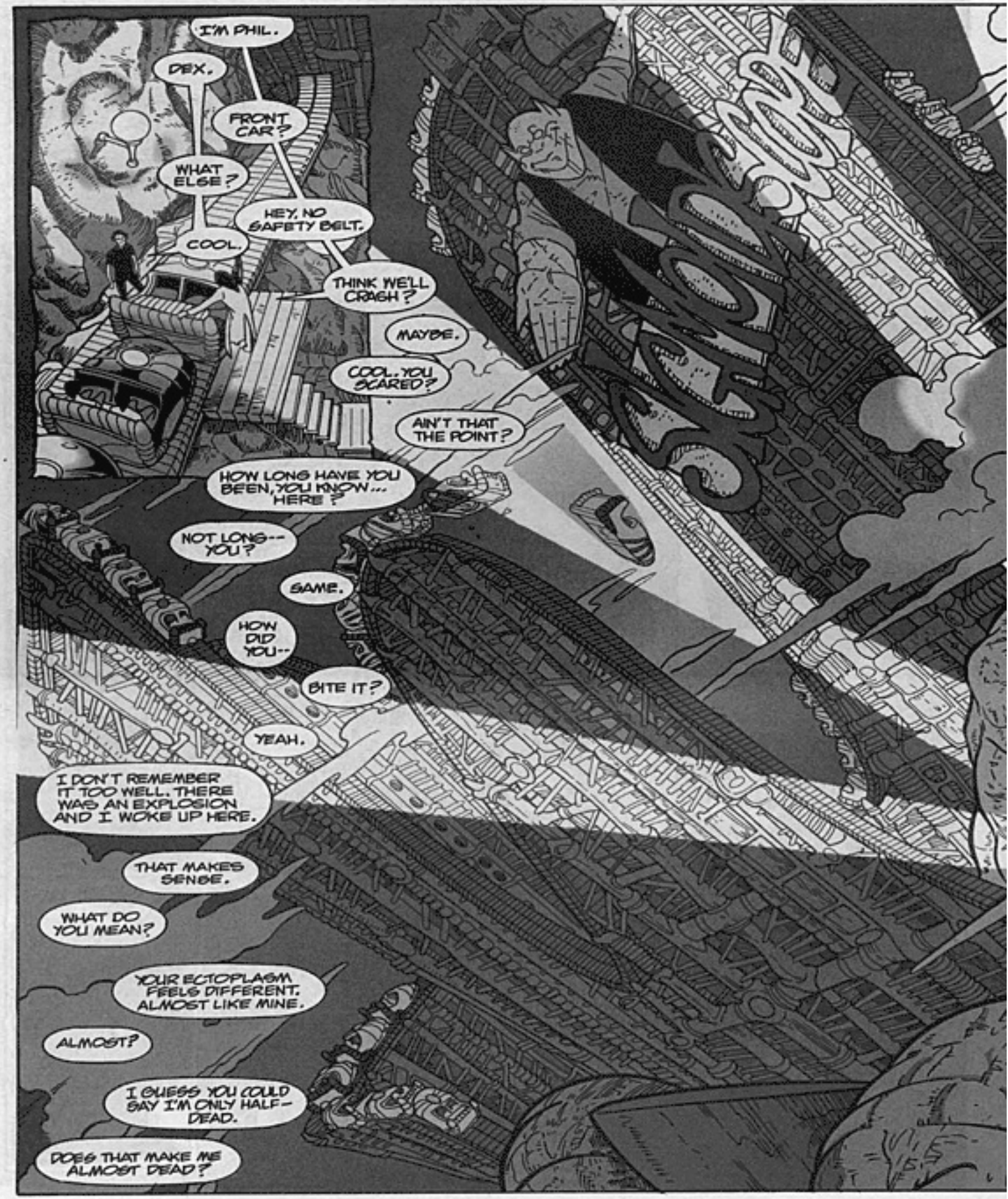
HOWEVER, SIR SIGMOID, THE RINGMASTER OF THIS ARCADIA, KNOWS THERE IS SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT THIS NEW BOY.
CONGRATULATIONS, PHIL. YOU ARE THE FINEST MARKSMAN TO EVER PLAY AT MY ARCADE. A REAL COCK OF THE WALK.
JUST LUCKY, I GUESS.
TUT, TUT. MODESTY BECOMES NOTHING.
YOU'RE ALL DOOMED! RUN! RUN FOR YOUR SOULS!
AND FOR MY NEXT TRICK.
I'M A KID! JUST LIKE-- Y-IKES!
MMMM-- MMMM--
ET VOILA!
HOORAY!
ANOTHER GAME, PHIL?
I DON'T THINK ANYONE WANTS TO PLAY AGAINST ME.
I'D LIKE TO PLAY!

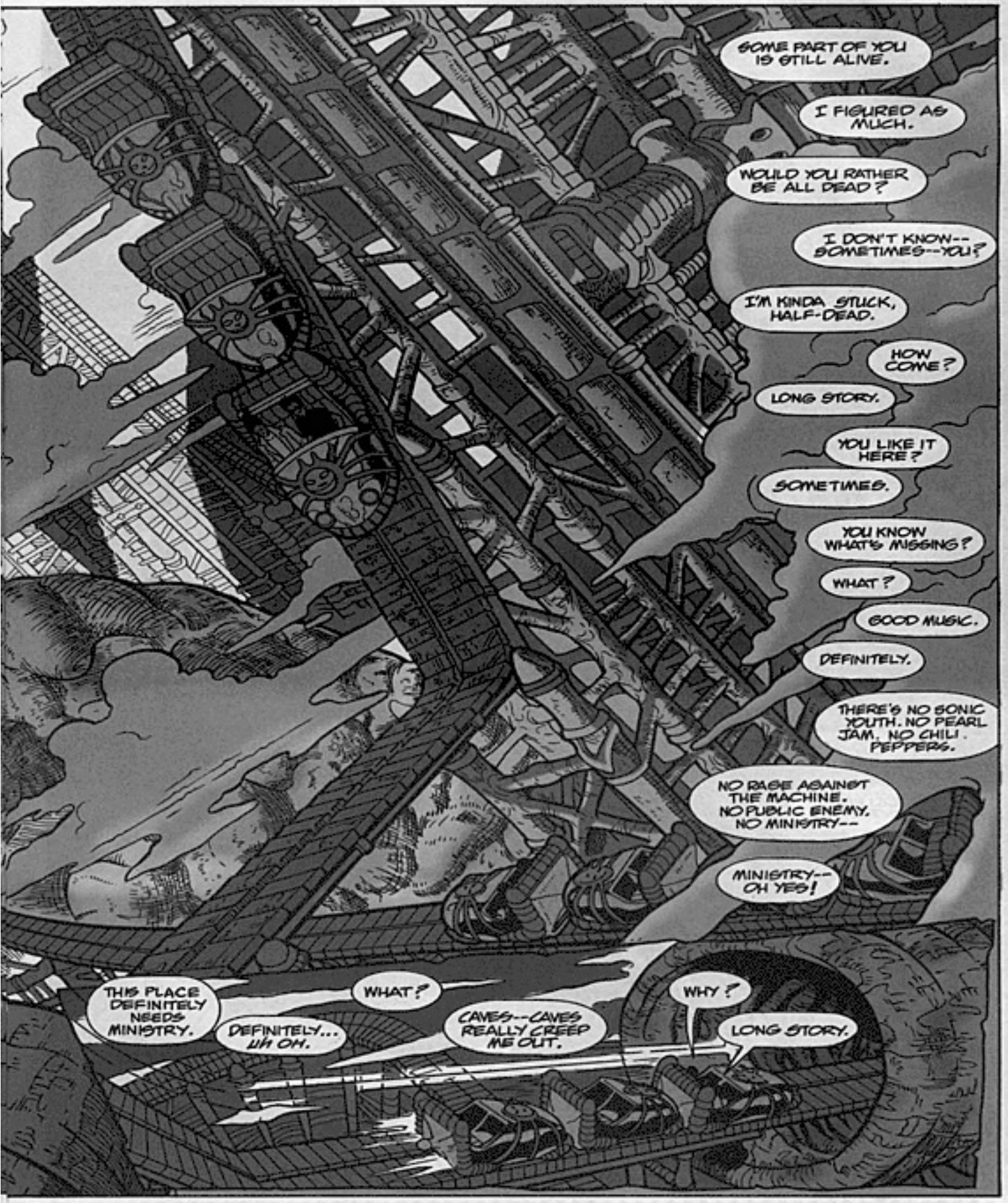
UNLESS YOU'RE AFRAID TO LOSE?
GHOST BLAST
BRING IT ON.
IS THAT YOU, TEQUILA?
THE HARDEST-WORKING WORM IN SHOW BUSINESS.
NUMBED BY THE POWER OF TEQUILA'S SPELL, DEX IS QUICKLY ENTRANCED BY THE NEON MAGIC OF THE CARNIVAL.
YOW!
EXCELLENT WORK.
WHA-HOOO!
NOW BEFORE YOU PLAY, YOU'VE GOT TO PAY, MY BOY. WATCH.
IT'S HARDER FOR SOME THAN OTHERS!
PHIL FOCUSES, SQUEEZING OUT CONCENTRATED ECTOPLASM FROM DEEP WITHIN.
THINK YOU CAN DO IT?

LET'S PARTY!
OH.
CRIPES!
ASSUME THE POSITION, BOYS. THE FIRST TO TEN.
BEGIN!
SPROING

AH, YES, THE GAME'S AFOOT--A CONTEST OF CHAMPIONS! THAT'S IT, LADS--KILL! KILL! KILL!
KER-SHPLECK!
THE NEW GUY'S WINNING!
IT AIN'T OVER!
COME ON, PHIL!
PHIL? IT'S PHIL, ISN'T IT? PLEASE, PHIL! I'M PRAYING TO YOU!
LOOK INTO YOUR HEART, PHIL! I'M PRAYING TO YOU?
KA-BLOOZGIE!

THE TINNY WAILS OF THE CARTOON GHOSTS GEAR OPEN PHILIP'S MEMORY--
AND AGAIN HE SEES HIS KNIFE BURNISHED IN BLOOD.
HE WATCHES HIS FRIEND BEGIN TO SCREAM BUT HEARS ONLY THE WHISPERING VOICE...
...THE DEMON SPIRIT THAT ONCE POSSESSED HIM, AND DESTROYED HIS LIFE. AND KILLED HIS FRIENDS...
... THE RUNESMITH WITH ITS RIBBONS OF RAGE LIKE CORKSCREWING FLAME--
--DRIVING THE KNIFE ALWAYS DEEPER!
WHAT HAPPENED? YOU ALMOST HAD A CHANCE.
I'M NOT SURE.
TWO OUT OF THREE?
I THINK WE'VE BOTH HAD ENOUGH.
THAT WAS SOME SWEET SHOOTING.
WHAT'S NEXT? BUMPER CARS?
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO, PHIL?
THE SIGMOIDISCOPE.
LOOKS LIKE FUN.
ARE YOU WHACKED? LOOK AT THAT THING! IT LOOKS DANGEROUS!


I'M PHIL.
DEX.
FRONT CAR?
WHAT ELSE?
HEY, NO SAFETY BELT.
COOL.
THINK WE'LL CRASH?
MAYBE.
COOL. YOU SCARED?
AIN'T THAT THE POINT?
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN, YOU KNOW... HERE?
NOT LONG-- YOU?
SAME.
HOW DID YOU--
BITE IT?
YEAH.
I DON'T REMEMBER IT TOO WELL. THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION AND I WOKE UP HERE.
THAT MAKES SENSE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOUR ECTOPLASM FEELS DIFFERENT. ALMOST LIKE MINE.
ALMOST?
I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I'M ONLY HALF-DEAD.
DOES THAT MAKE ME ALMOST DEAD?


SOME PART OF YOU IS STILL ALIVE.
I FIGURED AS MUCH.
WOULD YOU RATHER BE ALL DEAD?
I DON'T KNOW-- SOMETIMES--YOU?
I'M KINDA STUCK, HALF-DEAD.
HOW COME?
LONG STORY.
YOU LIKE IT HERE?
SOMETIMES.
YOU KNOW WHAT'S MISSING?
WHAT?
GOOD MUSIC.
DEFINITELY.
THERE'S NO SONIC YOUTH. NO PEARL JAM. NO CHILI PEPPERS.
NO RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE. NO PUBLIC ENEMY. NO MINISTRY--
MINISTRY-- OH YES!
THIS PLACE DEFINITELY NEEDS MINISTRY.
WHAT?
DEFINITELY... UH OH.
CAVES--CAVES REALLY CREEP ME OUT.
WHY?
LONG STORY.

YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD, MAN!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, IT'S JUST--
IT'S A DEAD END!
JUMP!
SHRE-KOO
RASH-KOOM!
PHIL, YOU OKAY?
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING HERE--SOMETHING BAD...
DO YOU HEAR THAT? WHAT--
WHAP WHAP WHAP
YAAGH!
BEAUTIFUL.

IT'S UN-BELIEVABLE! NOT ONE BUT TWO, BOTH STILL CONNECTED TO THE OTHER WORLD, LIKE TWO ECTO-UMBILICAL LICORICE STICKS. MMMMMM, LICORICE. MY COCKTAIL, TEQUILA?
RIGHT AWAY, BOSS.
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN WAITING FOR THIS DAY?
HERE ARE THE TWO YOU WANTED, MASTER.
TOO LONG, BOSS.
AMEN, MY LITTLE FRIEND. AMEN.
AH, YES. HELLO, BOYS.
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU AND NOW THAT YOU'RE FINALLY HERE, LET ME OFFER THIS TOAST--
TO LIFE!

WHAT IS THIS? WHO ARE YOU?
IT'S QUITE SIMPLE REALLY. I AM A DEMON. THESE COINS ARE PIECES OF CHILDREN'S SOULS.
THEY GIVE ME PARTS OF THEMSELVES TO PLAY IN MY CARNIVAL. I HAVE SUBSISTED FOR CENTURIES BY CONSUMING THESE COINS.
AS SOON AS I TASTED YOUR SOUL, I KNEW THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT IT. BOTH OF THEM. SO SWEET-- SO ALIVE.
SO THAT'S IT? YOU WANT TO BE ALIVE?
OH, YES.
ALL RIGHT. IF I GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT, WILL YOU SET MY FRIEND FREE?
DEX! DON'T TRUST HIM!
SHUT UP!
YOU HAVE MY WORD.
SACRIFICE YOURSELF, AND HE WILL BE FREE.
THEN JUST TAKE THEM...

DEX, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
GOM GOM GOM GOM GOM
THAT'S IT, FATSO! KEEP EATING!
GOM GOM GOM DEVOUR
THUMBLE-RUMBLE
CAN YOU SEE IT, SIGMOID? THE REAL WORLD. CAN YOU SMELL IT, FEEL ITS HEAT?
SHEE--- BOOGEFUL.
REMEMBER IT, SIGGIE--

CAUSE THAT'S AS CLOSE AS YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET!
GOM?!
UH OH.
KRRRRR
CARA
KA-PLISH

GOT IT!
HOW DID YOU DO THAT?
RIGHT AWAY I FELT THE FEW COINS I HAD GIVEN HIM. I WAS STILL CONNECTED TO THEM.
HE HADN'T DIGESTED THEM YET! IT WAS STILL MY ECTOPLASM! I KNEW I COULD PULL THEM BACK.
BUT SIGMOID --IS HE--?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M NOT STICKING TO FIND OUT!
PAST BOSS, YOU OKAY?
UGH. THAT HURT.
TEQUILA, FIX ME A DRINK AND MAKE IT A DOUBLE.
THERE IS A BURNING IN MY BELLY! A BURNING FOR--
REVENGE!
READ THE SHOCKING CONCLUSION TO SIR SIGMOID'S ARCADIA IN SAINT SINNER #5!!!
NEXT ISSUE:
DEX MEETS HIS FATHER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE EXPLOSIVE... HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED!

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EctoKid

Marc McLaurin

what is the ectosphere?

At that question, I could hear Larry start to smile at the other end of the phone. This was one of the questions I need answered to stay up to creative speed, sometimes asked to make sure the creator's answer is in sync with my understanding, sometimes asked to get us all working out the answer. It was the one question that Larry was just dying to get at.

The Ectosphere started out as a world of all the dead—all the dead that ever were. But Larry had new ideas on that. The Ectosphere he was playing with was just the first stop in the journey into the hereafter, but not the *final* resting place of all mortal souls.

It is a realm most satisfied souls pass through relatively quickly. Only those souls with a longing for the life that was remain in this world, despently creating of their own energy a world that is similar to our own. But, because its denizens are from all different time periods, that world is an amalgam of different ages and different architecture, all infused with a sense of desperation drawn from the once-living humans who make up its permanent population.

So what is it?

So the Ectosphere is a very wild, very different place made like Earth by the Earth-bound minds that come to live there. But then, what creatures are native to the Ectosphere? Well, that's a question to be answered in the future, in these pages. So stick around.

It's not everything that can make Larry smile.

Dear Marc and Spencer,

ECTOKID is by far my favorite comic of the Razorline. And it has only just begun! What a great thing to know. Monthly, ECTOKID will be comin' around to the ol' comic shop.

I've read all of the Razorline titles, but have to just plain say, they don't hold me. HOKUM AND HEX maybe more than the other two, but, well, it's got a long way to go before it reaches the level ECTOKID has managed. What, we're only up to issue number two? Both issues have been great.

But I'm really worried. James Robinson has been going beyond the ordinary comic book type material and making this better than just a neat idea that Clive Barker came up with. After all, an idea is only as fully realized as the writer who executes it. And I think, James takes Clive's great concept and pushes it farther. It's this where the others have so far failed. They don't do anything with these great ideas. They just let them fall onto the reader's eyes, large and clunky. I think I'm being clear but just in case: James has been doing a better than good job, he's been doing an *exceptional* job.

However, he's no longer going to be on the book. Well, why not? A bloody mistake is what merry ol' Marvel is making! However, I don't know the reasons why ECTOKID has lost such a fine scribe as Mr. Robinson. I only know that the book will mourn his loss. At least I will.

Now as to this new guy, Larry Wachowski. I'm a little apprehensive. Is he going to come in and turn poor little Dex into something of a different character? Is Dex going to be sportin' a new attitude? I hope not, because the lost and confused "where am I" that he seems to have throughout the first two issues is perfect. I genuinely like Dex and already care for him as a character. If he gets shafted at this stage in the game, I'm going to take it as an attack on a friend. Hear that, Larry?

I'll be watching.

Wayne A. Sallington
(Address withheld by request)

While we were also sorry to see James go too, Wayne, without his loss we might never have gained the brilliant ideas of Mr. Wachowski, on this book he was born to write! Now that you've had a chance to meet a Dex written by Larry, what do you think? Drop us a line and let us know!

Dear ECTOKID,

I'm twelve and I like ECTOKID. My mom got me issue number one and I'm still reading it. It's not like other comics. It is better. I like the way he (ECTOKID) fights. He's a small person who is able to fight big. I want him to beat all the monsters he meets. My mom almost didn't let me buy it, but Sam (that is the owner of the comic store) said it wasn't horror. There are ghosts, though. I'm confused.

Mike Togh
78 Ponderosa Pine Court
Orlando, FL 32825

Our thanks to the observant store owner for noticing that this book *isn't* horror—it's pure adventure in a world that's never been explored! That world happens to be populated by the once-living—but that doesn't make this book any more horror than LITTLE NEMO'S SLUMBERLAND, but this scenario does give us a whole lot more action to play with! This book is in a genre we call the fantastique, which is a blending of fantasy, adventure, and real, raw action! We're not aiming to scare you, Mike, only entertain—and part of that might be to keep you anxiously on the edge of your seat! Let your Mom know she made the right decision!

Special Note:

Much as we wish it were, the above story is not an uncommon one! The news has been slow to get out, but the name Clive Barker is not exclusive to horror anymore—and when it's got a **RAZORLINE** banner next to it, you can count on the fact that it's great entertainment for every age! But it looks like we'll need your help to make sure everyone knows! As a special thanks to the first fifty readers who make it a point to see the **RAZORLINE** titles are <u>not</u> racked with horror, we'll send either a specially autographed picture of Clive himself, or a special sold-out **signed copy of HYPERKIND #1!** Your choice!

All you need to do is send us a note from your local retailer saying **"I got the RAZORLINE right!"** and a photo of the proud racking of the RAZORLINE titles together! To get the ball rolling, Mike Tough above is the first proud winner!

We'll be watching!

Dear ECTOKID,

There are so many questions I have about the Ectosphere. When you die, do you only go *there*? Are there other spheres of death for different religions? If not, does the mix cause anyone to go through some kind of transitional shock? With Dex being able to enter the Ectosphere, and return to our world, can he actually die? Won't death start to look like less and less of a bad thing to Dex? Might he begin seeing killing as setting people free? Will he ever meet Spider-Man?

Well?

Steve Prender
5465 Landing Place
New Brunswick, NJ 08901

All in good time, Steve. As these words are being typed, Larry is working feverishly at revealing the answers to these and other questions concerning the details of the Ectosphere. The above editorial barely scratches the surface! The easiest question you asked, and the one I can answer right now: if you cut Dex, he will bleed. Death is as much a reality for him as it is for us. Right now, he's a visitor to the Ectosphere, but the wrong move could make him a permanent denizen! The details of the Ectosphere are the stuff that future issues are made of.

As for meeting Spider-Man — that was a joke, right? Yeah, it was a joke. Well... don't laugh too hard, Steve! How about the rest of you out there? Think that's a good or a laughable idea? Let us know!

NEXT:

Dex leaps back for Ectospheric adventure that reunites him with his father—and a demonic troll on *both* their tails! Action and adventure await, at the end of **"Highway 61!"**

CUTTING EDGE ALERT!
In two weeks, in SAINT SINNER #5:

Catch the shattering conclusion to **"Sir Sigmoid's Arcadia"** as Sigmoid, once burned and twice shy, has some more severe action in store for **Dex** and **Phil**—while we check in with **Saint Sinner's** body, kept alive by the Angel and Demon within—but for how long?!

ELSEWHERE, ALONG THE RAZOR'S EDGE:

Next week in HOKUM & HEX #5:

'Tis the season to cross-over' as Trip Journeys to L.A. at the behest of the malevolent **Paragon John**, to bring him into conflict with the **Hyperkind!**

In HYPERKIND #6:

And the action spills over into HYPERKIND, as Paragon John unleashes the most powerful foes of the original **Pads!** Stand back for **"Enter the Vexus!"**